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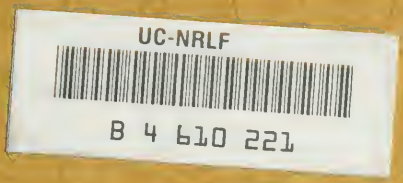

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A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE

MEMORY OF

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

DEDICATED

TO EVERY TRUE ENGLISH HEART.

BY

CLARENCE.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET;

ROGERS AND CLARK, NEWMARKET.

1849.

LOAN STACK

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PREFACE.

The only Preface which I think necessary to this little Poem, which claims no merit but *sincerity*, is the explanation, that the chief part of it was written at the time of the Agitation of the Free Trade Measures; written as I thought then, and printed now, without alteration or addition. The latter part, alluding to the lamented death of Lord George Bentinck, has been written recently; and as the former part contained sentiments strictly in accordance with his own, I hope I may not have been in error in supposing that praise of his acts while living might not improperly be made the introduction to

the expression of sorrow, in which so many thousands will join, that such a life should have been brought to an early close.

May the example of his active life, and the Warning Voice of such a death, teach us all to use our talents while there is yet time.

Cambridge, January, 1849.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE

MEMORY OF

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Since last I wrote some years have passed away,
Chequered with memories both grave and gay.
Brought by the chances of a changing lot
Once more I stood upon a well known spot;
Once more admired the beauty of the scene—
The trees just bursting into foliage green,
The ancient hawthorns with their blossoms gay
Proclaiming sweetly the fair month of May,
Sending their balmy odours far and wide,
Tempting the bee to leave the queen-bee's side,
As clothed in purest white and bending low,
Each perfumed snowy mass appeared to grow
Spontaneous from the verdant lap of earth,
Called by the fairies into instant birth.
So does the magic influence of the Spring
All beauteous things to life and beauty bring;
Hurling old Winter from his icy throne
To dwell 'midst glaciers—icy-bound—alone.

Once more within a fair domain I stood,
And looking round in somewhat pensive mood,
My thoughts recurred to him who e'er had been
To me, the local genius of the scene:
Of whom I once had said, "If deeds were worth
More than the empty boast of noble birth,
If to have been of service to mankind,
Was thought the patent of a noble mind;
If men had learnt the wisdom yet to give
Rewards to those who taught the art to live,
And kept not back, for deeds of sounding name,
All their proud records, and their deathless fame;
Then that his country's gratitude would raise
Some lasting monument to speak his praise,
Some slight memorial, which its tale should tell,
Of one, who living, served his country well!"

Such were my thoughts as onward still I went,
Until before me stood his monument:—
A monument—not raised to serve their ends,
(As oft we see) by falsely flattering friends;
Marking the failings of the bold and bad,
By boasting virtues which they should have had;
Provoking those who read to stigmatise
This fatal practice of recording lies;
As if to cause the tablet at his head
To rise in judgment 'gainst the flattered dead.
Not such was this—all classes helped to raise—
This silent tribute to his name. Their praise
Was honest—for their manly hearts
Would scorn the hypocrite's detested arts.

Down at its base, beneath its welcome shade,
(Revolving many a thought) myself I laid,
Musing (a pleasing task!) on many a theme,
I let my thoughts float idly down the stream;
Till they reverted to a distant time,
But to no distant land or foreign clime,
For o'er the last half century I threw,
A backward glance, and saw old things anew.
Since that comparatively distant day
A generation's life has passed away;
And those who peopled then the busy scene
Now calm repose—on earth no more are seen.
Within that little space so many a change
Old Time has wrought—that all seems passing strange;
Not strange the lesson—but so plain and true—
Which history teaches, blind must be the view
Of him who reads, nor learns the lesson taught,
That all that man can do avails him nought,
If for himself alone he lives, if like the clay,
From which he sprang, again to which he may
Return once more, before to-morrow's sun,
With renovated beams his course has run;
He takes the form rough-fashioned from the hand
Of nature cast, nor learns that nature planned
The earthly vessel—useless but to hold—
The precious ore—purer than finest gold;
That bright etherial essence, by which man
Assumes his place in nature's wondrous plan.
Happy the man whose soul's best wishes twine
Around some worthy object—as the vine

By skilful hands is taught to wreath around
Some nobler tree, nor grovelling trail the ground.
More happy he to whom the power is given,
To exercise the first best gift of heaven,
To try by every means, by every plan,
To aid and benefit his fellow man.
Most happy he, who born to wealth and power,
Wastes not his time, but consecrates each hour,
To such high aim, nor gives a moment's pause
To vainer thoughts—deep—earnest in the cause,
Which gives full scope to every generous mind,
To aim by noble deeds to benefit mankind!

Such men there have been—such perhaps there are—
But few and far between—like some bright star—
Which shines 'midst duller orbs with brilliant light,
Emitting far around its radiance bright;
Or like the planets, in their devious way,
Shining resplendent with peculiar ray.
Such once there were:—men of their country proud!
Whose worth and talent were by all allowed;
Who thought it still their noblest boast to be—
Old England's sons—the country of the free!
Who did their duty, and whose only art,
To act their country's and the patriot's part!
Alas! such men but now are seldom found;
Strong English sense by empty noise is drown'd.
And those who rule the helm, and guide the state
Of England, in whose hands her safety and her fate,
With deepest trust were placed, with coward hearts
Have changed their purpose, and have acted parts

Which they but lately have themselves contemned,
And stand now self-convicted—self-condemned!

When men by fortune, or by talents graced,
By force of these proud attributes are placed,
In station and in power above the herd
Of common men, when every word
Which falls from them is looked upon and tells
Within a nation's heart its tale and dwells;
How weighed and measured should be every thought
By which the public mind is swayed and taught!
How weighed should be then every word which falls
From those who speak within Saint Stephen's halls.
Yet here what passions!—war even to the knife
Are daily seen;—what mimic scenes of strife,
In quick succession 'fore the mirror pass,
Like the dissolving views in Time's hour-glass.
Here men, whose pledges given in the hour
Of doubt and hope—have shrunk before the power
Of promised place. Here principles, like gold,
Are bartered for—I must not say are sold;
And men allow their acts to be controlled
By haughty chiefs, nor dare assert their will,
As independent men, but basely still,
Give up their principles, as empty dross,
Nor think their honour is the nation's loss!
Strange is the piece, enacting at this time—
The Free Trade farce, which from each distant clime
(At least such are the promises set forth,
Which people value as they think them worth;)

Offers to bring us in its fruitful train,
Peace, Union, Plenty, and to all such gain,
That England's teeming towns, where factories fill
The air with foulness, and where every ill
To which the race of man, since Adam's time,
Has still been heir to in every clime,
In dark abodes of festering filth and crime
Asserts its power, and where in reptile slime,
Of ignorance and vice men grovelling live,
Machines whose bodies still their souls survive;
That even here its wondrous powers shall come,
To glad the hearts of those who at the loom
From morn to eve still toil and toil to win
Their daily bread, and more than daily gin!

Strange that their masters, from their ample store,
(Which still increasing, still amasses more,)
Could not have given from their boasted gains
Some slight percentage to relieve their pains,
And should by some strange chance but just have found
This sympathetic chain by which they're bound,
To serve with rapture in the poor man's cause,
And make in such mad haste the poor man's laws!
Strange are the thousands they so freely give
Cobden to teach the poor the way to live,
In love and charity with those above,
Whose breasts just now such tender mercies move!
Strange light and new which all at once has risen,
Struggling like captive from his time worn prison;
Bursting at once on their astounded sense,
Causing this sudden love and reverence!

Strange—very strange!—if nought indeed of self—
If no foul inkling for the world's vile pelf
Still holds their hearts—if all within the cup
Be bright and pure—no vapour rising up,
Proclaiming some alloy—if 'neath the cloak
Hypocrisy has not contrived to poke
His noisome countenance, as if to prove
How hard to change the serpent to the dove.

Away then with this idle empty cant!
Rail on against the Land with noisy rant!
Like madmen rail, but pray do not pretend
To assume the guise and language of a friend!
Too late it may be found that those who dwell
At home, and till the soil, are still worth treating well;
And that their custom, daily multiplied,
Is worth the market of the world beside.
For other nations too, have used their eyes,
And in their generation growing wise,
Have shown that wisdom, and with fostering hand
Have brought the arts of peace to their own land.
No longer they'll to English markets come,
If they can well supply their wants at home.
Too late the labouring class may learn to know
That Free Trade means, "*That wages must be low!*"
That such the patriot end of those who rave
That naught but Free Trade can the nation save!
This the grand object which has statesmen cost
The price of honor! This for which they've lost
Respect and faith among their fellow men:
Two things which lost are seldom found again.

The flame of commerce flits with every breath,—
Now flaring high—now almost at its death.
The only rock from which securely grows
A nation's greatness, and from which arose
Our own, before whose fortunes other nations bow—
That rock's the Soil! Our wealth springs from the Plough!

'Tis said the nation's voice demands this change;
If this were true—as true 'tis not—'twere strange;
But true it is, sometimes a nation's mind,
Like other madmen's, is to follies blind.
And if those very men, who should assauge
The patient's raving, and should curb his rage,
Themselves infected with the mania too,
Will play the fool;—what can poor mortals do
But swallow down as best they can the pill,
And follow those who lead for good or ill?
But many a man, who lately has run wild,
And let his fancies lead him as a child,
May find Free Trade, like Railways, much the same,
A pleasant theory, but a dangerous game;
A kind of lottery, in which all ranks,
Just try their luck and lose their cash, when banks
(Not where the wild thyme and the violet grows,
But where the circulating medium flows,)
Once more are thought of, as the safest places,
By men with shortened means, but lengthened faces.
I hate all humbug, and I like fair play,
And therefore hate the double-faced way,
In which this measure has been forced along,
By men who if *now* right, were *just now* wrong.

I have no faith in sudden converts made,
To this one-sided doctrine of Free Trade,
Which with its novel charms, like Fortune's wheel,
By sudden turn has won th' Apostate Peel;
Who thus has proved that early lessons dwell
Deep in the heart, and soon or late will tell;
For now his party, by Sir Robert done,
Know by his deeds—the Cotton-spinner's Son!
A party strong in faith—thrown off at once,
Stating that hitherto he's been a dunce—
A stupid boy—but now in Cobden's school,
Has learnt that all his life he's been a fool!
A modest doctrine—pleasing to the band—
Who gave their votes to his prime-ministering hand,
And now are laughed at, jeered, and snubbed by one,
By whom, in sporting phrase, "They've all been done."

Such scenes, to one spectator of the strife,
Which great men act upon the stage of life,
Might cause a smile, if 'twere not for the fear
That such a upas-tree might poison bear;
And Peel may find that those who thus will play
At fast and loose with friends, must have their day
Of retribution. Even now I think
Of an abyss he stands upon the brink,
Uncertain whether he may swim or sink.
And should he fail? on whom a nation's eyes
Are fixed with painful doubt and deep surprise,
He'll only prove that the straightforward plan
Is still the best, e'en for a public man;

That honesty is still the wisest course,
Because in failure it leaves no remorse.

If, when to-morrow's sun emerging high,
Awakes the world to life and energy,
Our Great Creator's fiat should go forth,
That from the west, the east, the south, the north,
All nations bent on one fraternal plan,
Each as a brother meeting, man with man,
In one harmonious and united whole
Should friendly meet "from Indus to the Pole."
If, as the Scripture paints, in sport and play,
The lion and the lamb in concord may
In peace lie down. When from this life
Are banished hatred, enmity, and strife;
When miracles once more are wrought on earth,
And all pay homage at the shrine of worth;
When such things happen, we may hope to see
All nations joined in bonds of unity;
And commerce then from every distant shore
May waft its treasures free—and then no more
Need statesmen bullied by a foul-mouthed League
Give up their principles from sheer fatigue;
No more alarmed by many a horrid shout
Admit the power of "pressure from without."
Statesmen, indeed! unworthy of the name!
This bastard bantling still shall mark their shame,
Long as it lives, their follies shall reveal,
Cobden its *father*, but its *wet-nurse* Peel.
Such thoughts ill-suited to the place and hour
Flashed on my mind with unexpected power.

But soon hope came, with accents mild and bland,
And whispered that within our English land,
Still might be found a small but patriot band.
That men of noble birth and talents high,
Would not like cravens far from danger fly!
That Richmond—Stanley—in themselves a host—
Would ne'er while life remained desert the post
By honour marked—that Bentinck's martial name,
Its fire long slumbering, soon should burst in flame!
And keen Disraeli, with his weapons bright,
Sarcastic, witty, eager for the fight,
His courage leading where great names are won,
As upward mounts the eagle to the sun;
With high ambition ranging o'er the field,
Seeking the foe who should most honour yield—
So late his leader, but whose banners now,
Cameleon-like, with Free Trade colours glow.
And Granby, who with gallant courage stood,
First in the breach—by treachery unsubdued!
And proved the honour of his noble race
Would stoop to nothing sordid, mean, and base!
And March, who well his knighthood's spurs has won,
And proved the blood of Richmond in the son!
And Miles, and Newdegate, and many more
Good names and true, upon Saint Stephen's floor,
Would not, alarmed at this deserter's cry,
Forsake their colours, or like cowards fly;
But show the nation in its moon-struck hour,
That all our boasted wealth and real power
Is in ourselves. That our good English soil
Requires but English capital and toil,

To make it bring forth, at the nation's call,
Enough of English food to feed us all!
That this strange cry—now first so lately heard,
Is based on interested falsehood's word!

And I, perchance, unlearned in their school
And dubbed by wise economists a fool!
Have yet to learn, in my simplicity,
The nation's honour and prosperity
Dwells in the mysteries of £. s. d.
Or when the markets of the world are full
Of English goods, and therefore trade is dull,
That the best measure then at our command,
To cure the evil is—that every hand
Shall still be made to manufacture more,
And undersell ourselves on every shore;
While foreigners prefer our English gold,
And laugh to see our merchandise unsold;
Smiling to think John Bull is such a fool
As not to take a lesson in their school!
They take good care that what they have they'll keep,
Nor see the wisdom to let others reap
To their advantage. They are not so rash
To take our goods instead of ready cash.
Too late, perhaps, the nation this may find,
When the mad fit has left its sting behind;
When thousands, who on agriculture's base,
Have staked the fortunes of a future race,
Dreaming that where their ancestors had won
A peaceful life from father on to son,

They might have lived in sweet contentment blest,
Until at last they too had gone to rest
Within the same churchyard, where many a stone
Tells them their fathers have before them gone.
I know them well! not grasping after wealth,
But prizing more a cheerful life and health!
Within their happy homes, beside their hearths,
Full many a virtue shunning brighter paths,
Takes its deep root and flourishes and dies,
Unknown to many whom the world deems wise.
Here can be found the bold, the manly heart,
That acts the father's, brother's, friendship's part;
And here is seen too many a form of grace
And loveliness, and many a face,
Which had its owners lot been thrown among
The great and noble, had been known in song;
Before whose charms, within the titled crowd,
Nobles had sued to have their claims allowed;
More happy here, in sweet contentment blest,
With every high ambitious hope represt,
Adorns the sphere in which her lot is thrown,
Nor hopes beyond its limits to be known.

Such is the race, which those who rule the helm,
And ought to guide the safety of the realm,
Now coolly threaten with a cruel fate:—
Is this to do good service to the state?
To ruin those on whom the poor depend—
While they assume to be the poor man's friend!
To ruin those who cultivate the soil
With skill and patience, and whose care and toil

When all is done, which practice proves the best,
Aided by all which science can suggest,
Must still their hopes on favouring seasons rest.

True wisdom might have taught, in danger's hour,
Where dwell the hidden sources of our power,
Where the strong arms and trusty hearts are found,
Where all the manly virtues most abound.
These do not grow, where densely crowded dwell,
In stifling dens, or in the filthy cell,
In some dark alley hid, where the dim light
But just distinguishes the day from night;
And where from earliest childhood deeds of sin
Are daily seen—the fruits of fatal gin!
And where the decencies of life in vain
If but attempted, are laughed down again,
And where the greatest solace of man's life
Becomes unsexed, as maiden or as wife.
Was man intended, think you, but to dwell,
In such rank spots as you would deem a hell?

Let those who weep o'er tales of horror told—
Of Afric's children in the market sold,
Condemned in hopeless slavery to spend
A bitter life, deprived of kindred, friend,
Torn far away from every social tie,
And worst of all—deprived of liberty!
Let those who shed the sympathetic tear
For negroes torn from all their hearts hold dear,
Not weep in vain; but let them not forget
That thousands here, in harder bondage yet—

In slavery born—in slavery live and die—
Without one ray of hope—one pitying sigh!

"God made the country, but man made the town,"—
Old is the phrase, yet worthy of renown!
And hard the sight oft times in towns to see,
When trade is dull, such abject misery.
Such wasted forms and famished looks in those,
By whose hard work the master's fortune rose;
Rose rapid as with fortune's favouring gale,
Still onward borne, he flew with well-filled sail.
Then all went well; but when there came at last
The adverse current and the threatening blast,
He closed the factory, coolly barred the door,
Told them their labours were required no more;
And when the poor-rates rose, and touched his purse,
Proclaimed the labouring poor the country's curse!

Hard by where Dives' mansion rears its head,
The pauper Lazarus, gaunt in death, lies dead!
Yet Lazarus' hands created Dives' wealth,
While to his weary limbs was granted health;
But when worn out with age and sickness too,
No more his limbs their daily task could do,
He came for crumbs to seek, for help to pray—
Dives' hard sentence drove the wretch away!

'Tis not the men—the system is to blame—
Which falsely based will lead to certain shame.
As the tall pyramid on its wide spread base,
Proclaims its history to a future race,

With gradual slope, still lessening as you rise,
Rears its fine point towards the arching skies;
So shall that system still for ages stand,
Commerce and trade—the point—the base—the land.
Such is the form the structure yet must take,
Whose force the storms of ages cannot shake.
But now the pyramid inverted stands,
Like a huge fungus sprung from rankest lands,
Which in a night assumes a wondrous size,
And in the next begins to rot, and dies.
Its head o'ergrown, become at once too ripe,
Forms of our present plan the very type;
Where manufacturers in their swollen pride,
Remind us of the puffed-up frog who tried
To emulate the ox, but burst and died.
Far from such scenes, result of ill-used wealth,
The virtues fly with cleanliness and health,
To spots not lonely, but where peaceful dwell
A happy peasantry on hill, in dell;
Where neat thatched cottages in groups are seen,
The happy adjuncts of an English scene;
And where 'midst shadowing trees embosom'd lies
The village church with all its sanctities;
Its solemn yew trees, and its stones which speak,
Their solemn sermons each day in the week;
And on the Sabbath there are a few who dare
Be often absent from the house of prayer;
Where in pure accents then God's Holy Word
By all in silence and in reverence heard,
Teaches that he, whose rude hand tills the soil,
Though born to labour, and the child of toil,

Has this high privilege, that still he can
By honest means assert his dignity as man!

Such are the scenes which the true patriot's hand
Should seek to nurture in his fatherland.
Here should our rulers turn the tide of wealth,
Which in its train would labour bring and health;
While capital would yield an ample rent,
And the poor man be happy and content.
Here education should have ample scope,
And mild religion should inculcate hope.
Here a wide field spread out before us lies,
And bounteous nature all our wants supplies;
But wild desires, and eager hope of gain,—
Delusive hope which ever ends in pain,
Have made the nation worship as its God—
Gold! which so often proves its owner's rod.

Time might have taught us, by its tales of old,
A nation's wealth dwells not in heaps of gold;
But that within a happy people's heart,
There dwells that wealth which gold cannot impart.
Plain is the lesson—yet not understood,
That man was born to labour for his good.
Bestow your labour then on English soil:
Experience proves 'twill well repay the toil;
Improve men's hearts, and learn in nature's school,
By mild and gentle means the art to rule.

Oh! for some leader, who aspires to power—
Not for the transient triumph of the hour!

But with a wider range—a nobler view—
Surveys mankind with judgment calm and true;
Whose soul enfranchised from the beaten way,
(Bounded on either side by place and pay,)
Dares with a bolder wing to take its flight,
And soaring upwards to the realms of light,
There searching wide, from every taint set free,
Seize on the spirit of true liberty!
His the high task to open wide the door,
Which bars the way between the rich and poor,
Cast down the barriers which pride has built,
(Mistaking ever poverty for guilt.)
And in the creed from whence our name we take,
Teach man to love his brother for the sake
Of that same spirit which, whate'er our birth,
Was sent to be man's blessing upon earth.
His, the high aim, while here below we dwell,
To make the earth a heaven and not a hell!
Rule by the means of universal love,
And for the serpent substitute the dove.
Not in the spirit of Hume's pedling soul,
Still reckoning up "the tottle of the whole,"
Fancy the summit of earth's wisdom found,
While Peel defines the value of a—pound!

As if the reason why to man is given
Alone, the highest attribute of heaven,
That he should offer to the Moloch wealth,
Justice, love, mercy, happiness, and health,
That all the nobler feelings of the soul
Should parch and wither 'neath the base control

Of those who cultivate the usurer's art,
And worship money as man's better part.

Oh! for a statesman, who will understand,
That wealth alone makes not a happy land!
But where the few are rich, the many poor,
And squalid forms besiege the rich man's door,
Where sympathy is found not, vain indeed
Is each harsh law to govern man decreed!
Let those who frame the laws, which others rule,
First take a lesson in the world's wide school,
There gain the wisdom books can never give,
And learn how hard the task to work and live;
How harder still the thankless task in pain
To seek for work, and willing, seek in vain;
To gain that daily bread to all men given
By Him who made the earth and rules in heaven:
Whose golden motto is, "That man should do
To others as he would be done unto."
These simple words contain the statesman's art,
Who knows the mysteries of the human heart,
And by its mighty influence plays his part.

Vain are all other means, which men will try,
With specious names, to cheat each other by,
Calling it policy to *cheat* and lie!
Let those who thus would rule, just now survey
The state of Europe at the present day:—
See France! once more, her follies to atone,
Drive treacherous Orleans from an ill-got throne;

With all his wily tricks—his Fagin arts
Seen thro' and laughed at by the estranged hearts
Of those he taught to use their fearful power,
Reaping the fruit in retribution's hour;
Condemned, an outcast, on a foreign shore,
To find a refuge and a home once more,
Within that land, whose boast it is to be,
The outcast's home—the land of liberty.
There may he find repose and end a life
Chequered with lights and shades—devoid of strife.
More happy now, if wisdom has but taught,
How dear the pleasures are by grandeur bought;
How weak the ties on which earth's mightiest kings
Repose their hopes. How vain all human things!
Here may he find at last within the grave
The home alike of monarch and of slave!

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"
Here then on English soil we'll take our stand;
Here call around us every English heart,
Determined manfully to play its part,
And kindling warm with bright poetic fire,
With patriotic feelings roused to ire,
Will seek the reason, and demand to know,
Why from our ruler's hands should fall the blow
Which in the scale of nations bends us low!

Is it against us for our sins decreed,
That in our hour of danger and of need,

When torn by strife, convulsed by mortal throes,
Each country finds in its own people foes—
When pandemonium opening wide her jaws,
Lets forth its demons 'gainst established laws—
When the rude rabble, like some untamed beast,
Slakes its red thirst and makes its hideous feast—
While down the streets of Paris, like a flood,
Are seen thick onward-rushing streams of blood,
Shed by no foreign foe—no foreign bands
Of mercenary legions—but by hands
So lately clasped in that fraternal plan
Which was to bind for ever man to man,
And in the bonds of love and harmony
Unite all men in just equality?
Vain—mad idea! as if of nature's laws,
Ignorant alike as of effect and cause,
They did not know that no such thing can be
As this Utopian scheme—Equality!
But they have taught us, if we will but see,
What is the meaning of that Liberty,
For which so much of human blood they've shed,
The costly price—whole hetacombs of dead!
License for liberty henceforth we'll read—
License for every devilish wish and deed!
The reciprocity of love, of which so late
Prophetic Cobden spoke, is turned to hate;
And English workmen now will understand
That *freedom* grows but in their native land;
That Free Trade means that foreign nations may
Rob them by every means, in every way:

It is in fact the last new patent plan
To aid all men except the Englishman.

The nation which upon itself depends,
(Unlike the hare who boasted many friends,)
Will never fear desertion in the hour,
When the storm threatens, and when dangers lour!
Whilst England finds her people work and food,
Within herself her fortunes will be good;
Within herself there is a mine of wealth,
To be worked out by toil, which leads to health.
This well employed would feed some millions more—
Then why drive millions to a foreign shore? [state—
Why drive the hands which toil—the bulwarks of the
To the hard choice, to starve or emigrate?
But hard the task to teach when folly rules,
And harder still to reach the hearts of fools!
May England never know the bitter fate,
Which waits on those whose wisdom comes too late.

But hark! once more! what means the passing bell,
Stealing upon us with its solemn swell,
As if for some high soul it tolled the funeral knell?
What the sad tidings, which with visage pale,
And aching hearts, men hear and tell the tale,
Rushing upon us, doubting as we hear,
And filling every heart with dread and fear!
Bentinck is dead!! What! can it really be
That this is true? Inscrutable decree!
He who so lately full of hope and life,
Had left the scenes of battle and of strife,

Though pale with labour, and the wear and tear,
Of daily, nightly toil, and marked by care;
Those toils o'ercome, had lately sought to find,
In Welbeck's halls repose and peace of mind;
And there where once his early childhood strayed,
With gladdened heart, in sunshine and in shade,
Once more had found within his father's halls
Those ties which neither time nor change e'er palls;
Where once his boyhood's hour ran gaily by,
And pleasure danced within his flashing eye,
As through the sounding groves the rich-toned horn,
In mellow notes upon the echoes borne,
Came ringing merrily, and the maddening cry,
Filled his young heart with thrilling ecstacy.

No more for him the echoing woods shall ring!
No more to soothe him shall the sweet birds sing!
No more the sounds, which nature's glad voice gives,
To charm the heart of every soul that lives,
Shall wake within his breast the peaceful joy,
Which in high nature's time can ne'er destroy!
Which steals upon us with its welcome voice,
Brings back old thoughts, and makes the heart rejoice—
Brings back the memory of our early years,
With all our early hopes, and loves, and fears—
Makes us once more, when life's strange paths we've trod,
And tried its sorrows, and have felt the rod,
Return at last within our homes to find
The only joys which satisfy the mind.
There the worn warrior, from the fields of strife,
Tastes of the peaceful joys which sweeten life—

There the lone wanderer, from each distant shore,
Returns for solace when his toils are o'er;—
The statesman, battling for his country's right,
With all a patriot's ardour in the fight;—
The battle o'er, seeks for repose and rest
In the loved scenes by early visions blest.
Such the fond hopes with which he'd lately come,
To seek once more his happy boyhood's home,
And in his father's halls and bowers to roam;
Once more relaxed beneath the greenwood tree,
To taste of liberty, and feel that he was free.

He who so late with all a patriot's might,
Had stood the foremost in his country's right,
When roused by treachery, his ardent soul
Burst forth at once, urged beyond all control,
And fired with all that high born chivalry,
Which leads men on to conquer or to die.
When Peel deserted in its need the side
For which so long he'd fought, and led, then tried,
By every shift, which e'en *his* art could show,
To prove that black was white—that yes meant no!
Then he stood forth, and with a daring hand
Flung down the gauntlet for his native land.
Stepped forth at once and seized the vacant post,
Defied the traitor and his recreant host!
And while his comrades all around amazed,
With silent wonder on his daring gazed,
Unfurled his flag, and then with taunting cry,
All unprepared, defied his enemy!

Soon at his rallying cry there flocked around
A gallant troop, rejoicing to have found
Within their ranks, 'till now unknown to fame,
A leader's talents 'neath a warrior's name !
Small were their numbers, but their hearts were brave,
And their new leader's talents courage gave.
His the proud heart which roused by honour's call,
No dangers frighten and no fears appal ;
But finds in dangers, which alarm the weak,
That high excitement which such natures seek.

As at Thermopilæ old Lacedœmon's son,
His faithful followers showed how glory's won ;
So the same spirit in another field
Buckled on Bentinck's arm the spear and shield ;
And long, and well, and bravely, did he fight,
And like a warrior battled for the right.
Not his the sordid soul for place and power,
Which frets upon the stage its short-lived hour,
But gazing forward with a generous view,
His purpose honest as his heart was true,
His country's cause was foremost in his heart,
And like a noble man he played his part.
Forsook at duty's call the scenes where erst
Among the foremost ever still the first ;
He ruled the sporting world and not in vain,
For many an ill repressed will mark his reign.
Abuses fled at his determined will,
And rogues detected cursed his wondrous skill ;
A great reformer here he stood alone,
And awed all hearts less honest than his own !

Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, each in vogue,
With every class from gentleman to rogue;
Where dukes, and lords, and legs, meet face to face,
And in slang phrase discuss the coming race;
Each owned his empire, each admits the debt,
Which all allow, while all his loss regret.
Such is the force which character can give,
That long his name in memory shall live,
As one who strove, but now can strive no more,
Back to the turf its glories to restore.

And princely Goodwood, in its bright array,
Where long he ruled with delegated sway,
No more shall see his graceful form among
The thousands who its gorgeous alleys throng;
And there though Richmond's liberal heart and hand,
Combined with manners courteous, kind, and bland,
Will still do all around the scene to throw,
Attractions, which no other course can show;
Still will be missed the once familiar face,
Be wanting still—the genius of the place!

But scenes like these his absence long have known,
While empty stands the abdicated throne!
When higher calls were made, with that stern will,
Determined each high purpose to fulfil,
He left the pleasures he so long had known,
The scenes round which his skill so long had thrown,
A lustre which his presence gave alone.
Forsaken these, or sternly thrown aside,
Urged by the dictates of a generous pride,

The undaunted chieftain sought a nobler field,
Determined still to win, but never yield.
Pursued the path where duty led the way,
And beckoned onward with her chastened ray.
No dangers awed him from his onward course;
No baseness suffered, stung with late remorse;
No petty meanness, paltry power to gain,
His honour sullied with the slightest stain.
Straight to his point, as arrow from the bow,
His shafts were aimed, and manly was the blow
He asked no quarter, and he did not spare,
From vile hypocrisy, the cloak to tear,
To give the taunt, expose to public view
Each act unworthy and each heart untrue.
His manly aim ennobled party strife,
Diffused around him energy and life;
Cheered on the spirits of his broken band,
To fight the battle of their fatherland!
Thus he, when Peel deserted at its need
The band he led, before he changed his creed,
With generous warmth and indignation strong,
Broke from the ranks where silent he so long
Had sat retired, his talents scarcely known,
And spoke in vigorous language, all his own.

Long days of labour and long nights of toil;
Long nights illumined by the midnight oil;
These now were his. With energies intent,
On one sole object, all his thoughts were bent.
The rights of nature even were repressed,
Denied the claims of hunger and of rest;

But nature outraged, ever gives us cause,
To rue the hour when we forsake her laws;
And nights of toil, and days in fasting spent,
Inflict a slow but certain punishment;
And nerves of iron must at length reveal
The ravages which naught but care can heal.
Sad thought! that one whose sterling manly worth,
Outweighed the accident of noble birth;
Who born of pampered luxury the son,
Had by hard labour all his honours won;
That he, whom many an honest English heart
With pride had seen enact the patriot's part,
Should thus be doomed to fall by sudden stroke,
As falls beneath the lightning blast, the oak;
Not in its withered age, but in its prime,
Threatening to run a lengthened race with time!
Its mighty arms, now spreading to the skies,
Struck by the bolt, now tottering, falls, and dies!

But better thus in manhood's prime to fall,
Beloved by many and admired by all,
Earning the tribute to his memory due,
From English hearts to English honour true,
When needed found, still ever in the van,
In every sense an English Nobleman!
Better, far better, than the strains of wit,
In sacred grief his epitaph is writ;
His name shall cause the silent tear to start,
And sighs shall speak the language of the heart.
Let no vain grief his early fate deplore,
Much has he done, grieve not it was no more.

Follow his path—Go thou and do the same—
Praise shown in deeds, not words, is real fame.

As when the battle o'er, the victory won,
Flashed forth the soul of dying Marmion,
"As o'er his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion."

Charge, Richmond, charge! be still the cry;
On, Stanley, on, to victory!
And tho' the battle be not o'er, the victory won,
Still Bentinck's mantle falls to Stanley's son;
Then teach him thus to thank the men of Lynn,
To act like Bentinck, and like Bentinck win
A name in history's page. Thus to aspire,
To prove himself as worthy as his sire.
On thee the men of England now depend,
Act well your parts, and be your country's friend:
Yours the high task to teach each English heart,
That honest men best act the statesman's part!

THE END.

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